

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! GOT A COLLECTORS' ITEM FOR YOU FIENDS! GOT A REAL GREAT CHILLER-DILLER! GIVE THE MAN YOUR GRIMY LITTLE DIME IF YOU HAVEN'T DONE SO ALREADY, AND COME INTO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! THIS IS THE CRYPT-KEEPER, READY WITH ANOTHER OF MY TALES OF HORROR! SO SIT DOWN ON THE TANBARK FLOOR, AND I'LL BEGIN THE BLOOD-CURDLING YARN I CALL...

LOWER BERTH!



LONG BEFORE THE ADVENT OF RADIO, MOVIES, TELEVISION AND COMIC BOOKS, THE ONLY ENTERTAINMENT FOLKS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY ENJOYED WERE THE TRAVELING CARNIVALS, WHICH SET UP THEIR GAILY COLORED TENTS ON VACANT TRACTS OF LAND AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF THEIR TOWNS! ABOUT 80 YEARS AGO, ONE OF THESE CARNIVALS CAME TO A SMALL TOWN IN THE OZARK MOUNTAINS...



JACK DAVIS

10c

THE SIDE SHOW OF THIS PARTICULAR CARNIVAL WAS OWNED BY A MAN NAMED ERNEST FEELEY! PATIENTLY, OVER THE YEARS, HE HAD ASSEMBLED A FABULOUS COLLECTION OF ODDITIES AND FREAKS! HE HAD THE *USUAL* ATTRACTIONS...

SEE *FANNY, THE FAT LADY*, FOLKS! FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS OF *FEMALE PULCHRITUDE*! SEE *HADNAR, THE SWORD-SWALLOWER*... *SKULL-FACE, THE LIVING SKELETON*... *FEGO, THE FIRE-EATER*...



BUT ERNEST FEELEY HAD ONE ATTRACTION... A *HEAD-LINE* ATTRACTION... THAT NEVER FAILED TO DRAW THE CROWDS... TO SEPARATE THE CURIOUS FROM THEIR QUARTERS...

AND *LAST BUT NOT LEAST*, FOLKS... THE *STAR ATTRACTION* OF FEELEY'S SIDE-SHOW... THE MOST *UNUSUAL* ODDITY EVER TO BE PUT ON DISPLAY *ANYWHERE... ANYTIME!* *INSIDE... IN ITS ORIGINAL SARCOPHAGUS... IS MYRNA, THE ONLY FEMALE EGYPTIAN MUMMY IN EXISTENCE!* *TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, FOLKS! RIGHT THIS WAY...*



MYRNA, THE EGYPTIAN MUMMY, WAS OWNED BY *ZACHARY CLING*, A RETIRED ARCHEOLOGIST! ERNEST FEELEY PAID ZACHARY CLING A VERY LARGE SALARY FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF EXHIBITING MYRNA...

... AND *NOW*, FOLKS... IF YOU WILL STEP THIS WAY... *DOCTOR CLING*, WHO *FOUND MYRNA THE EGYPTIAN MUMMY*, WILL TELL YOU ALL *ABOUT HER AND SHOW HER TO YOU...*



FIVE TIMES A DAY, ZACHARY CLING WOULD NARRATE HOW HE DISCOVERED MYRNA, AND THEN SHOW HER TO THE GAPIING CUSTOMERS! HE'D EVEN *UNDO* PART OF HER *WRAPPINGS*...

MYRNA, THE ONLY FEMALE EGYPTIAN MUMMY IN AMERICA WAS FOUND IN THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS BY MY EXPEDITION! HER TOMB WAS DEEP IN THE CLIFFS THAT TOWER OVER THE NILE RIVER...



'ON THE TOMB WALLS, WE FOUND THE INSCRIPTIONS DESCRIBING HER INCARCERATION! IT SEEMS THAT MYRNA, OR *MYRANAH*, AS THE EGYPTIANS CALLED HER, WAS A *LADY-IN-WAITING* TO THE PHARAOH'S WIFE ...'

BRING ME MY PERFUME, MYRANAH!

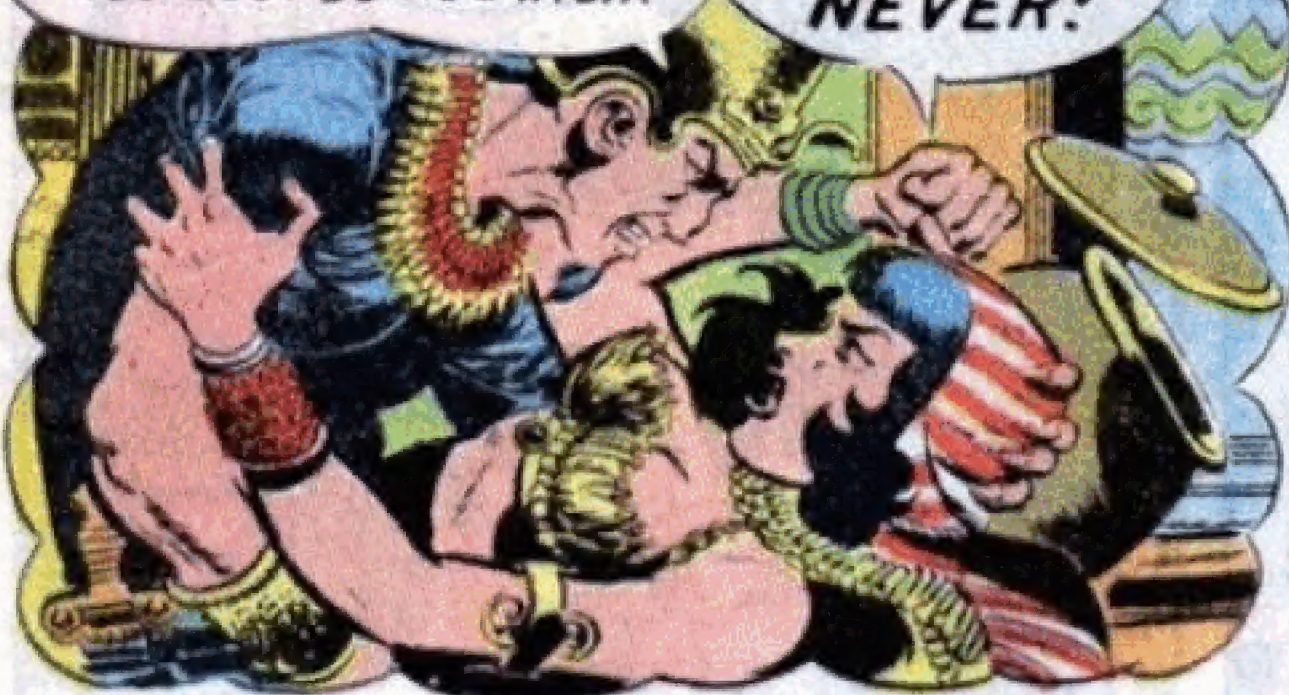
YES, MISTRESS!



'MYRANAH WAS VERY BEAUTIFUL, AND SOON CAUGHT THE PHARAOH'S FANCY! BUT LOYAL MYRANAH, FAITHFUL TO HER MISTRESS, REPELLED THE PHARAOH'S ADVANCES...

DO NOT *STRUGGLE*, MY PET! I AM YOUR *KING*! YOU MUST *DO AS I WISH*!

NO! NO! I WILL *NOT! NEVER! NEVER!*



'THE PHARAOH, IN ANGER, ORDERED THAT SHE BE BURIED ALIVE AS PUNISHMENT! MYRANAH WAS FORCIBLY WRAPPED IN THE CEREMONIAL BURIAL WINDINGS ...'

SHE *FIGHTS* LIKE A *CAT*, SIRE!

SHE WILL *FIGHT NO MORE!* HURRY!

EEEMMMPH!



... AND SO, FOR *FOUR THOUSAND YEARS*, THIS *POOR GIRL* LAY IN HER *TOMB* UNTIL I *UNCOVERED HER!* AND NOW... I *GIVE YOU...*

MYRNA!

GASP! CHOKE!

THE MUMMIFIED BODY OF THE UNFORTUNATE SERVANT GIRL STOOD IN ITS SARCOPHAGUS, ITS ARMS FOLDED ACROSS ITS CHEST! THE CARNIVAL CUSTOMERS NEVER FAILED TO GASP AND SCREAM WHENEVER DOCTOR CLING WOULD UNCOVER IT...

AND NOW... I WILL *REMOVE* SOME OF THE *WRAPPINGS!*

IF THE SIGHT OF THE MUMMY WAS REVOLTING, HER UNWRAPPED FACE WAS EVEN MORE SO! THE WRINKLED DRIED FLESH CLUNG TO HER SKULL LIKE WET TISSUE PAPER! HER EYES HAD RECEDED DEEP INTO THEIR SOCKETS! LIPS WERE DRAWN TIGHTLY BACK IN A LEERING GRIN! SOME CRIED OUT... SOME TURNED AWAY...

GOOD LORD!

BUT THERE WERE ALWAYS MORE THE NEXT NIGHT! MORE OF THE CURIOUS! WORD TRAVELED FAST IN SMALL TOWNS! THEY FLOCKED TO SEE MYRNA... SHE WELL EARNED HER KEEP! ERNEST FEELEY PAID ZACHARY CLING HIS SALARY HAPPILY! AND THEN, WHEN THE CARNIVAL HIT THAT SMALL OZARK TOWN...

YOU MR. FEELEY? *MY NAME'S JEB SICKLES!* I UNNERSTAN' YOU *OWN* THIS HERE SIDE-SHOW, MR. FEELEY! I THINK MEBBE YOU MIGHT BE *INTERESTED* IN WHAT I GOT!

WHAT'S THAT, MR. SICKLES?

I'M THE *DOC* 'ROUND THESE PARTS, MR. FEELEY! AIN'T GOT NO *LICENCE* OR NUTHIN', BUT FOLKS *LIKE* WHAT I *DO* FOR 'EM SO THEY *COME T'ME!* 'BOUT TWO YEARS AGO, THIS HERE *CRONE* CAME DOWN FROM THE *MOUNTAINS!* I'D NEVER LAID *EYES* ON 'ER *B'FORE!* SHE *BEGGED* ME T'COME BACK WITH HER...

LOOK, MR. SICKLES! I'M A *BUSY MAN!* GET TO THE *POINT!* WHAT *IS* IT YOU'VE GOT THAT I'D BE *INTERESTED* IN?

I'LL *GET* TO IT, MR. FEELEY! TAKE IT *EASY!* ANYWAY, THIS OLD CRONE *BEGGED* ME SO BAD I *WENT!* SHE TOL' ME HER *SON* WAS *SICK...* *TERRIBLE SICK!* SHE SAID HE WAS *A-DYIN'!* SHE TOOK ME UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS TO THIS HERE *CAVE!* I NEARLY *THROW'D UP* AT WHAT I *SAW!*

WHAT *WAS* IT, MR. SICKLES?

'IT WAR HER SON, MR. FEELEY!
HER SON HAD TWO HEADS! IT WAS
HORRIBLE...'

CHOKES!

KIN YUH...
KIN YUH DO
ANYTHING
FOR ENOCH?

'HE WAS TOO FAR GONE FOR ME
T' SAVE! HE DIED 'BOUT AN HOUR
AFTER WE GOT T' THE CAVE...

I'M SORRY, MA'AM!
I DONE ALL I
COULD! ENOCH
IS DEAD!

TAKE 'IM
AWAY! TAKE
'IM... SOB...
OUT OF MY
SIGHT!

HE MUSTA BEEN TWENNY-
TWO, MR. FEELEY! I TOOK
HIS BODY BACK DOWN
THE MOUNTAIN AND PUT
IT IN A MOONSHINE
STILL! I DIDN'T
WAN' NOBODY T'
SEE IT!

AND
YOU
STILL
HAVE IT...
THE TWO-
HEADED
BODY?

IT'S BEEN IN THE STILL
FOR TWO YEARS, MR.
FEELEY! THE MOONSHINE
SEEMS T'HAVE PRESERVED
IT! YOU...

TAKE ME TO IT!
QUICKLY!

MR. FEELEY AND THE QUACK DOCTOR PUSHED THEIR
WAY THROUGH THE CROWD OGLING AT MYRNA, THE
MUMMY! OUTSIDE THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS, A HORSE AND
WAGON WAITED! THEY DROVE TO A HIDDEN STILL...

THAR SHE
IS, MR.
FEELEY!

C'MON!

THE LIGHT FROM THE LANTERN CAST AN ORANGE GLOW
INTO THE HUGE WOODEN STILL-VAT! BELOW THE SUR-
FACE OF THE MOONSHINE, THE PULPY WHITE FACES
OF THE TWO-HEADED CORPSE STARED UP AT ERNEST
FEELEY...

THAT'S HIM...

GULP!

ERNEST TURNED TO JEB SICKLES... HIS EYES WIDE... HIS
FACE FLUSHED...

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN
MY SHOW, JEB? DO WHAT OLD
DOG GLING DOES! EXHIBIT
THIS HERE ENOCH! TELL HOW
YOU GOT HIM! I'LL PAY YOU
A GOOD SALARY!

JOIN UP WITH
YOU FELLERS,
EH? WAL, I
DUNNO! I... I
GUESS I'D
LIKE THAT!

SO, JEB SICKLES TOOK HIS TWO-HEADED PRESERVED BODY OUT OF THE STILL AND JOINED ERNEST FEELEY'S SIDE-SHOW! ENOCH WAS PLACED IN A SPECIALLY MADE GLASS TANK FILLED WITH FORMAL-DEHYDE, AND PUT ON EXHIBIT...

AND NOW FOLKS, I GIVE YOU DOCTOR JEBSON SICKLES... AND *ENOCH!*

FOLKS! I DISCOVERED ENOCH IN THE CAVE OF AN OLD MOUNTAIN CRONE BACK IN THE OZARKS! HE DIED IN MY ARMS...

WHEN JEB DREW BACK THE CURTAIN REVEALING THE PASTY-SKINNED BLOATED TWO-HEADED CORPSE OF ENOCH, THE SIDE-SHOW CUSTOMERS WOULD *GRINGE* AND *SHUDDER* IN *REVULSION*...

AND NOW, I GIVE YOU... *ENOCH!* THE TWO-HEADED MAN!

CHOKES! GULP!

COUGH

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR ERNEST FEELEY TO REALIZE THAT THE THING IN THE HUGE GLASS TANK WAS A REALLY VALUABLE EXHIBIT AND DESERVED STAR BILLING, LIKE MYRNA...

THAT'S RIGHT, JEB! I'M MOVIN' YOU UP TO *STAR ATTRACTION!* YOU'LL *SHARE* IT WITH *DOC CLING*, HERE!

THANKS, MR. FEELEY!

HMMPH.

...MYRNA...

...ENOCH...

SO *ENOCH* WAS PLACED *OPPOSITE MYRNA*... AND FIVE TIMES A DAY, JEB SICKLES AND ZACH CLING *EXHIBITED* THEIR *ODDITIES* TO THE CURIOUS WHO'D PAID THEIR *QUARTERS* TO *SEE* THEM.

FIVE TIMES A DAY, MYRNA'S ROTTED BROWN WRAPPINGS WERE REMOVED FROM HER MUMMIFIED FACE...

GASP...

CHOKES...

AND FIVE TIMES A DAY, THE CURTAIN HIDING ENOCH'S TANK WAS WITHDRAWN REVEALING THE TWISTING, TURNING PRESERVED CORPSE...

AND FIVE TIMES A DAY, AS THE CROWD OGLED AND GASPED... PASTY-SKINNED, TWO-HEADED ENOCH, FLOATING IN HIS FORMAL-DEHYDE WORLD, STARED WITH GLAZED EYES AT THE PUTRID, MUMMIFIED, UNWRAPPED FACE OF MYRNA THE MUMMY...

THE CARNIVAL MOVED ON FROM TOWN TO TOWN! THE CROWDS FLOCKED TO SEE ENOCH AND MYRNA! AND JEALOUSY BETWEEN ZACH CLING AND JEB SICKLES FLAMED...

WHAT DO YOU *MEAN* YOU'RE *CUTTING MY SALARY*? IF IT WASN'T FOR *MYRNA*...

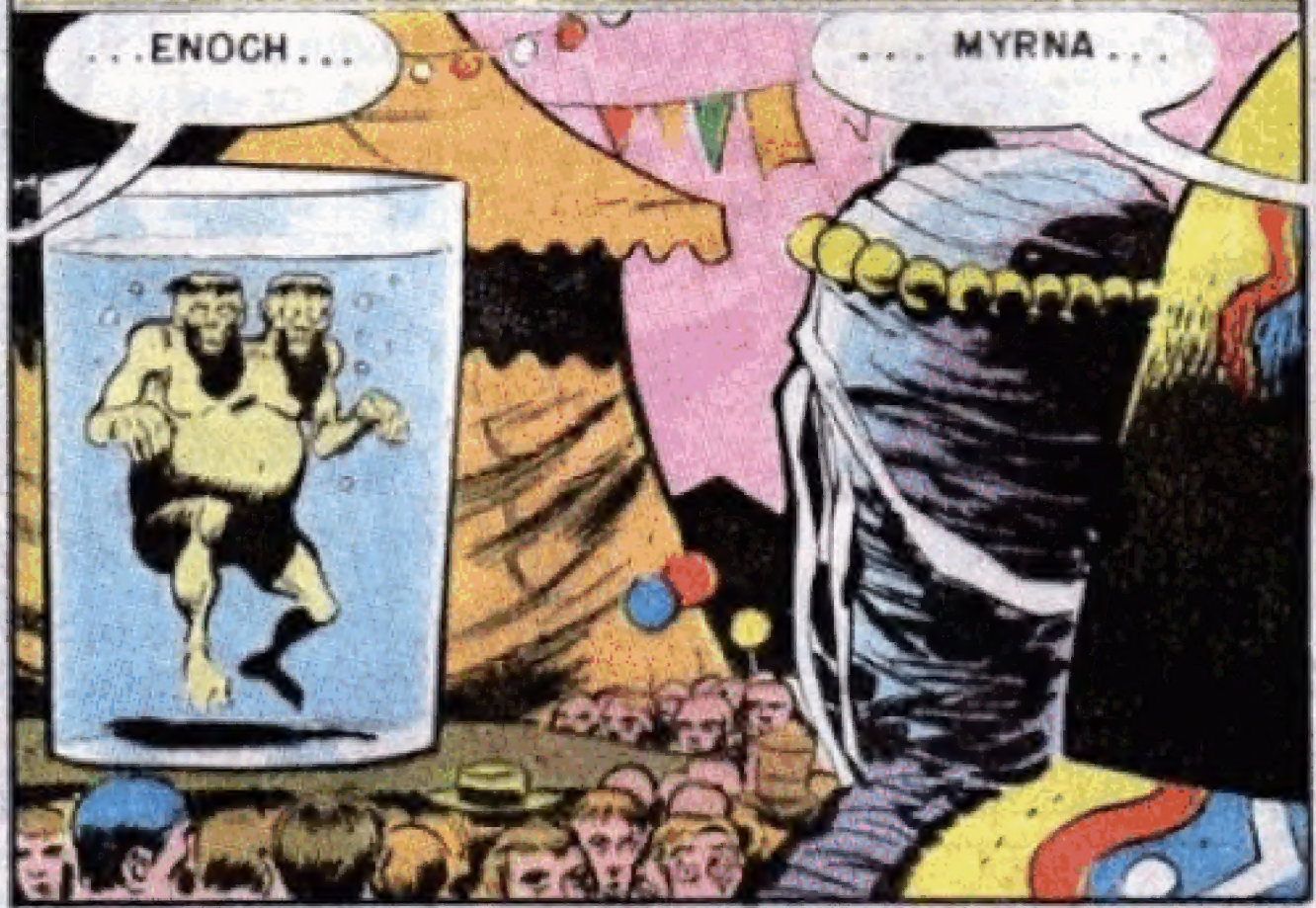
ENOCH PULLS 'EM IN TOO, ZACH! I'VE BEEN *UNDERPAYING JEB*! HE AND YOU GET THE *SAME* FROM NOW ON! I'M *LOWERIN' YOUR PAY*, AND *RAISIN' HIS*!



THE BLOATED BODY WITH THE STARING PAIRS OF EYES SWAYED IN THE FORMALDEHYDE! THE DRIED REMAINS IN THE ROTTED WRAPPINGS STOOD SILENTLY! FIVE TIMES A DAY THEY GAZED UPON EACH OTHER...

...ENOCH...

...MYRNA...



THEN ERNEST FEELEY... ALWAYS THE BUSINESS MAN... ANNOUNCED...

I'M MOVIN' YOU AND MYRNA *OUT FRONT*, CLING! WE NEED A *DRAW* FOR THE *ADMISSIONS*! JEB AND *ENOCH* ARE THE *STARS* NOW...



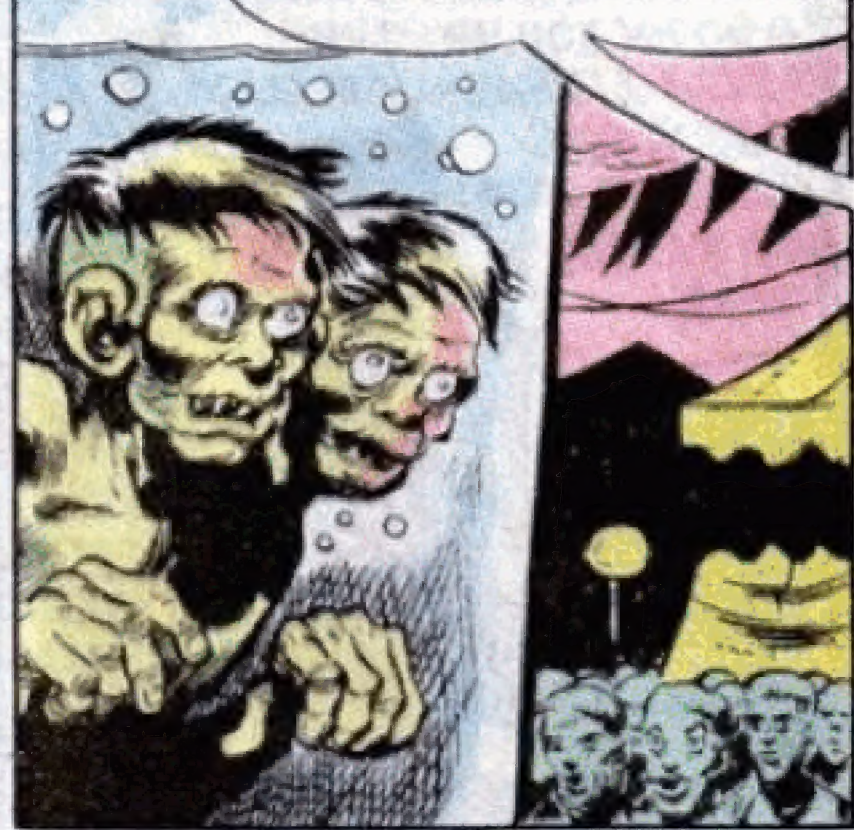
AND SO, WHEN THE ROTTED WRAPPINGS WERE REMOVED FROM MYRNA'S SUNKEN, MUMMIFIED EYES, SHE LOOKED OUT ACROSS THE CROWD AND SAW *NOTHING*...

I GIVE YOU... *MYRNA*...



AND WHEN THE CURTAIN WAS PULLED BACK UNCOVERING ENOCH'S TANK, HE LOOKED OUT ACROSS THE CROWD AND SAW *NOTHING*...

I GIVE YOU... *ENOCH*!



THUS, IN THE BLACK OF NIGHT, WHEN THE CARNIVAL FOLK LAY ASLEEP, A DRIED AND BONEY HAND MOVED... SLOWLY... HESITANTLY... PULLING AWAY ITS ROTTED BROWN WRAPPINGS...



... WHILE A BLOATED, PALE HAND SLID UPWARD AND OVER THE TANK-RIM, PULLING ITS CHALKY, PULPY BODY AFTER IT...



THE MORNING HEARD THE SIDE-SHOW TENT ECHO WITH ANGRY VOICES...

HE STOLE ENOUGH!

HE STOLE MYRNA!

CALM DOWN, YOU TWO!

ERNEST QUIETED THE RAGING ODDITY OWNERS...

USE YOUR HEADS, YOU FOOLS! IF BOTH ARE MISSING, NEITHER OF YOU COULD HAVE DONE IT!

OLD DOC CLING KNELT TO THE TAN-BARK AND PICKED UP A MUSTY-SMELLING FRAGMENT...

A PIECE OF MYRNA'S WRAPPINGS!

DROPS OF FORMALDEHYDE! THEY GO THAT WAY!

THE THREE MEN FOLLOWED THE FRAGMENTS OF MUMMY WRAPPINGS AND THE DROPLETS OF FORMAL-DEHYDE OUT OF THE SIDE-SHOW TENT AND INTO THE MORNING SUNLIGHT! THE TRAIL WAS CLEAR... VERY CLEAR...

IT LEADS TO THAT HOUSE!

LOOK AT THE SIGN!

GASP! JUSTICE OF THE... GOOD LORD!

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE WAS VERY FRIENDLY! HE TOLD THE SIDE-SHOW MEN ALL HE KNEW...

COUPLE CAME LAST NIGHT! YEP! WANTED TO GET MARRIED! I DID IT! I PERFORMED THE CEREMONY!

WASN'T THERE ANYTHING... ER... STRANGE ABOUT THEM?

SHUCKS! ALL I CAN SAY IS THEY MUST'VE BEEN DRINKING! SMELLED MIGHTY BAD... LIKE AS IF THEY'D BEEN! BUT FIVE BUCKS IS FIVE BUCKS!

DIDN'T YOU SEE...?

DIDN'T SEE NUTHIN'! CAN'T SEE! I'M BLIND, Y'KNOW!

BLIND!

GOOD LORD!

HEH, HEH! CAREFUL NOW! *DON'T PEEK!* HERE COMES THE *FINISH!* BRACE YOURSELVES! FIRST, LET ME SAY THAT MR. FEELEY, JEB, AND ZACH LOST MYRNA AND ENOCH'S TRAIL AFTER THEY LEFT THE J.P. JUST COULDN'T FIND 'EM! IN FACT, IT WASN'T TILL A YEAR LATER, WHEN THE CARNIVAL RETURNED TO THE VERY OZARK TOWN WHERE ENOCH HAD FIRST JOINED THE SIDE-SHOW...



... THAT MR. FEELEY HEARD ABOUT THE STRANGE DOIN'S UP IN THE MOUNTAINS...

SOMEBODY SAID THEY SEEN 'EM, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE 'EM! WHO EVER HEERD OF A *LIVIN' MUMMY* AND A *TWO-HEADED CORPSE*...

WHERE? WHERE DID THEY SEE 'EM?



UP IN THE *OLD CRONE'S CAVE!* SHE'S DEAD NOW! BUT THE *FOLKS 'ROUND HERE ARE MIGHTY SUPERSTITIOUS!* IF'N YOU ASK ME, THEY'RE *SEEIN' THINGS!* NOW...

JEB'LL TAKE ME THERE! HE KNOWS WHERE IT IS!



THEY WENT! JEB AND ZACH... WHO'D STAYED ON WITH THE CARNIVAL AS HANDY MEN... AND MR. FEELEY! THEY WENT UP THE MOUNTAIN TO THE OLD CRONE'S CAVE...

LOOK!

GOOD LORD!

IT'S THEM!



AND THE THREE CARNIVAL MEN DRAGGED THEIR LONG-LOST ODDITIES BACK DOWN THE MOUNTAIN...

MYRNA! MY MYRNA!

ENOCH! MY BOY!

AT LAST! AFTER OVER A YEAR!



BUT THE THREE MEN WERE OUT OF EARSHOT WHEN THE *WAIL* DRIFTED OUT FROM DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THE CRONE'S CAVE! THEY NEVER SAW THE *INFANT-THING* CRAWL OUT INTO THE SUNLIGHT... ITS EYES STREAMING WITH TEARS... *CRYING FOR ITS PARENTS...*



HEH, HEH! YEP! THAT'S *IT*, KIDDIES! THAT'S *MY STORY!* YEP! ENOCH OF THE *DOUBLE DOMES* WAS *MY OLD MAN*, AND *MYRNA THE MUMMY* WAS *MY OLD LADY!* YOU MIGHT SAY, THE *MUMMY* WAS *MY MOMMY!* BY THE WAY! I UNDERSTAND THAT THERE'S A CARNIVAL TODAY... *EIGHTY YEARS LATER...*

THAT STILL EXHIBITS A *MUMMY* AND A *TWO-HEADED PRESERVED CORPSE!* IF ANY OF YOU SEE THEM... *WRITE ME!* I WANT TO SEND A *CARD!* IT'S THEIR *ANNIVERSARY* NEXT MONTH!



AFTER MR. YOUNGER HAD COMPLETED THE ARRANGEMENTS WITH MR. KINGMAN, HE HUNG UP AND TURNED TO HIS PARTNER...

711 WOODS ROAD! THAT'S OUT IN THE SUBURBS, ISN'T IT, FRANK?

YEAH! *BIG ESTATES* OUT THERE! WHY?

WHAT LUCK! SOME OLD GUY JUST CALLED... WANTS US TO ARRANGE FOR A PLANE TRIP TO EQUADOR FOR HIM. HE MUST BE *LOADED!* AND HE SAID THERE WAS *NO ONE* LIVING WITH HIM, TOO!

ANOTHER SUCKER! GREAT! LET'S GET BUSY AND GET THOSE RESERVATIONS. AFTER HE'S GONE, WE'LL GO OUT TO HIS PLACE AND *CLEAN IT* OUT...



THE TICKETS WERE OBTAINED AND MAILED OUT TO MR. KINGMAN. THEN, ON THE TWENTIETH, MR. YOUNGER CALLED THE AIRLINE...

THIS IS THE *Y&W TRAVEL AGENCY*. WE JUST WANT TO CHECK, DID A MR. T. CHARLES KINGMAN TAKE OFF ON FLIGHT 12 TO EQUADOR?

JUST A MOMENT. I'LL SEE. YES! MR. KINGMAN WAS ABOARD...

HE HUNG UP, GRINNING...

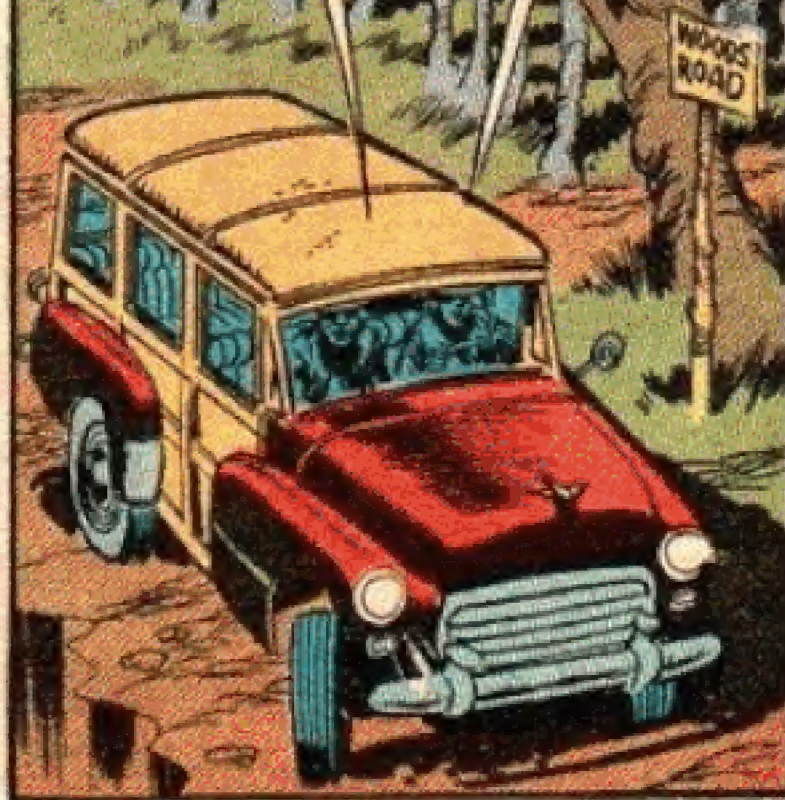
HE'S *GONE!* THE *COAST* IS CLEAR.

WE'LL TAKE THE *STATION WAGON* TONIGHT, FRANK. THIS PROMISES TO BE A *BIG HAUL*.

THAT NIGHT, YOUNGER AND WESTON DROVE OUT INTO THE COUNTRY...

WOODS ROAD! THIS IS IT! TURN IN...

SURE IS *LONELY* OUT HERE AT NIGHT...



THEIR STATION WAGON BOUNCED AND WEAVED DOWN A DISMAL TREE-LINED ROTTED ROAD...

SOME ESTATE!

TAKE IT *EASY!* *SOME* OF THESE PLACES ARE A LITTLE *RUN DOWN*, BUT THE OLD FAMILY *HEIR-LOOMS* ARE *PRICELESS!* KEEP GOING!

FINALLY THE ROAD ENDED, AND THE STATION WAGON'S HEADLIGHTS FELL UPON AN OLD, TIME-WORN, PAINT-PEELED ROTTED MANSION...

THE GUY *CONNED* US. WHO WOULD LIVE IN *THAT RAT-TRAP!*

LET'S TAKE A *LOOK...* JUST TO MAKE *SURE!*



THEY STEPPED FROM THEIR STATION-WAGON AND CROSSED THE WILDLY OVERGROWN LAWN. FRANK'S FLASH-LIGHT FELL UPON THE FADED SIGN...



WHAT'S IT SAY?

'BEWARE! TRESPASSERS WILL BE PERSECUTED! HAH! THAT'S A LAUGH!'

THEY CLIMBED THE ROTTED STAIRS THAT CREAKED UNDER THEIR WEIGHT AND STOOD UPON THE COLUMNED PORCH BEFORE THE MASSIVE DECAYED DOOR...



HEY, FRANK! THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS! THERE'S NO ONE LIVING HERE! C'MON! LET'S GO...

HOLD IT! THE DOOR'S UNLOCKED...

THE OLD DOOR SQUEALED OPEN ON RUSTED HINGES...



NOT A STICK OF FURNITURE! NOTHING! NOTHING BUT A WILD GOOSE CHASE!

@!!#?!!

THE TWO MEN WENT FROM ROOM TO ROOM THROUGH THE ONCE PROUD MANSION, NOW DUST LADEN AND COB-WEBBED WITH TIME...



DESERTED! NO ONE'S LIVED HERE FOR YEARS...

THIS DOOR LEADS TO THE CELLAR. WE'LL TAKE A LOOK, AND THEN LEAVE...

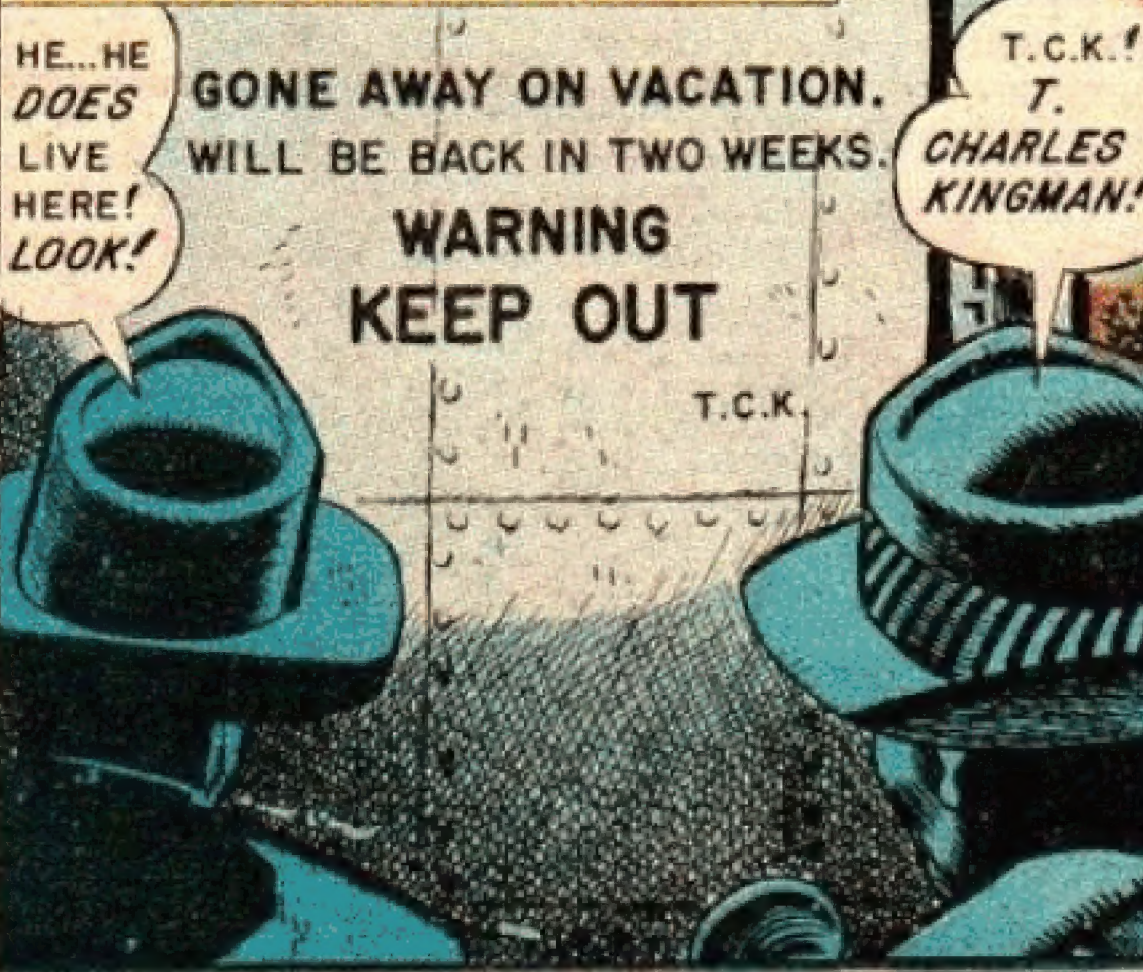
THEY DESCENDED THE WINDING STONE STEPS INTO THE DAMP CELLAR...



FRANK! WHAT'S THAT?

A METAL DOOR! PADLOCKED! AND THERE'S A SIGN ON IT...

THEY READ THE FRESHLY PAINTED SIGN...



HE...HE DOES LIVE HERE! LOOK!

GONE AWAY ON VACATION. WILL BE BACK IN TWO WEEKS. WARNING KEEP OUT

T.C.K.

T.C.K.! T. CHARLES KINGMAN!

THE TWO MEN LOOKED AT EACH OTHER...



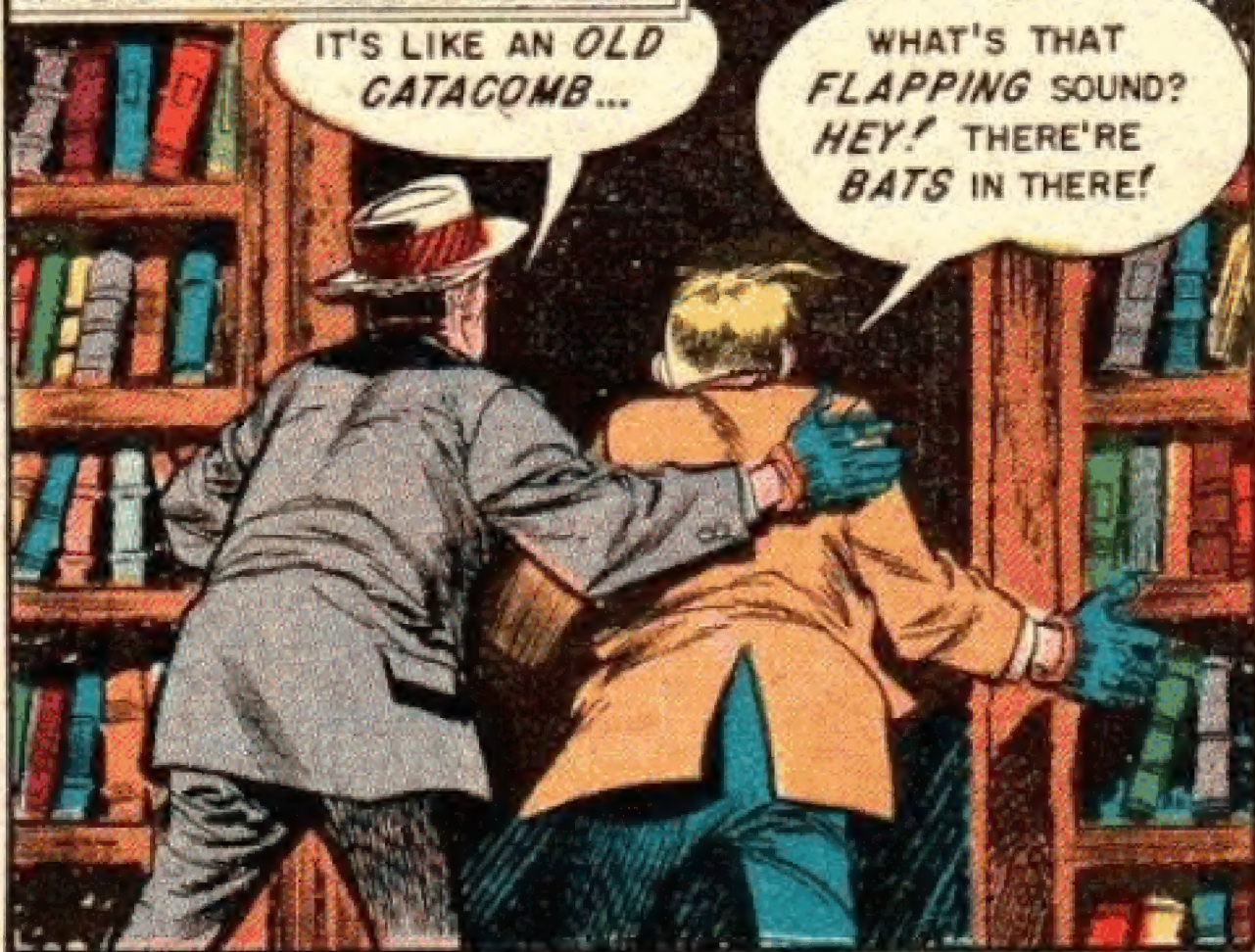
HE MUST BE ONE OF THOSE RICH OLD ECCENTRICS. I'LL BET HE'S GOT A FORTUNE HIDDEN IN THERE...

STAND BACK! I'M GOING TO SMASH THE LOCK...

THE DANK OLD CELLAR REVERBERATED WITH THE SOUND OF THE PADLOCK SPLITTING OPEN UNDER YOUNGER'S ANGRY ASSAULT. THE HUGE METAL DOOR SWUNG WIDE...



THE TWO MEN MOVED THROUGH THE LIBRARY INTO THE CAVERN-LIKE PASSAGE BEYOND...



TUNNELS SNAKED OFF IN ALL DIRECTIONS. THE TWO MEN WANDERED DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE CATACOMBED MAZE...



AS THE DOOR AT THE END OF ONE OF THE TUNNELS SWUNG OPEN, YOUNGER AND WESTON SCREAMED...



THEY RAN WILDLY BACK THROUGH THE NETWORK OF TUNNELS...



EVERY TIME THEY CAME TO A DEAD-END, A DOOR SWUNG WIDE...



HOURS PASSED AND YOUNGER AND WESTON REALIZED THAT THEY WERE HOPELESSLY LOST IN THE MAZE OF UNDERGROUND PASSAGeways, HOUNDED BY THE THINGS THAT SPRUNG FROM EACH TUNNEL-END DOOR AS THEY CAME UPON IT...

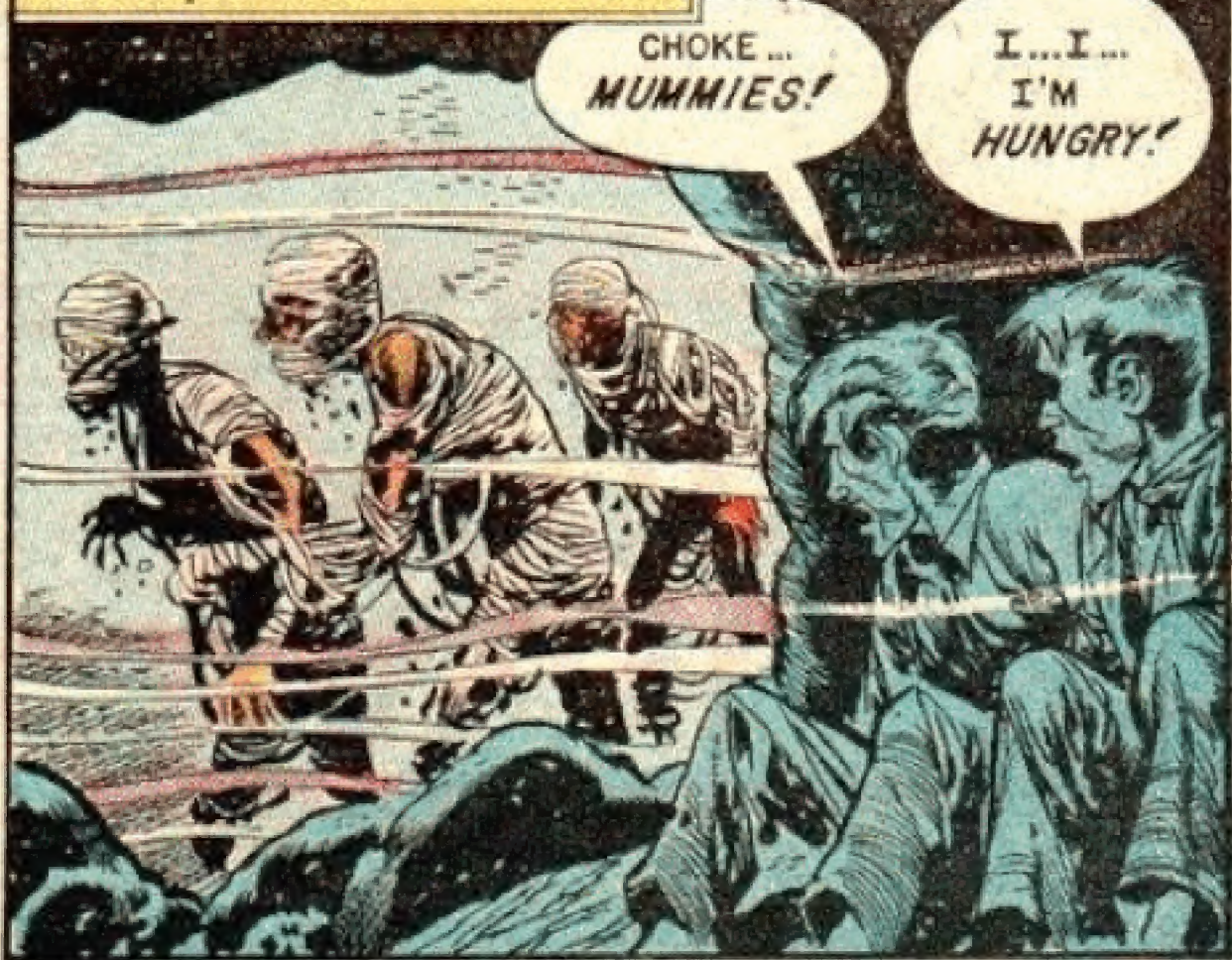
WEREWOLVES! **EEEEEE!**



DAYS PASSED. THE TWO MEN COWERED IN THE DARKNESS, TOO FRIGHTENED TO MOVE, WATCHING THE CREATURES PASS NEARBY, SEARCHING FOR THEM...

CHOKE...
MUMMIES!

I...I...
I'M HUNGRY!



IT WAS ALMOST TWO WEEKS LATER... TWO WEEKS OF SHEER HORROR, TRAPPED IN THE NETWORK OF TUNNELS, STAYING ALIVE BY CATCHING BATS AND EATING THEM RAW... THAT JOHN YOUNGER AND FRANK WESTON CRAWLED INTO THE BOOK-LINED LIBRARY ONCE MORE...

GASP... GASP... WE'RE **FREE**, JOHNNY...
GASP... **FREE!** THERE'S THE **METAL DOOR**...

I... I CAN **HARDLY CRAWL**...



...UP THE DAMP, STONE CELLAR STEPS...

JUST A **LITTLE**... EH...EH...
LITTLE WAYS MORE...EH...EH...

GASP...
GASP...



...AND OUT INTO THE COOL NIGHT AIR... OUT ONTO THE PORCH...

EH...EH...

EH...EH...



...OUT INTO THE MOONLIGHT THAT GLISTENED ON THEIR **FRIGHT-WHITENED HAIR**, AND AS THEY CRAWLED PAST THE **OLD MAN** WITH THE **VALISES** IN HIS HAND, WHO'D JUST RETURNED FROM HIS **VACATION**...

EH...EH...

EH...EH...



...THEY **NEVER EVEN LOOKED UP AT ME!** SO, THERE THEY GO, AFTER SPENDING **TWO WEEKS** IN **THE CRYPT OF TERROR!** YEP! THAT WAS **ME... THE CRYPT-KEEPER... T.C.K.**, USING AN **ALIAS** OF COURSE, WHO **CALLED THE Y&W TRAVEL BUREAU!** S'MATTER? **I CAN'T GO ON A VACATION, TOO?** BUT, WHY **EQUADOR**, YOU ASK? WELL, I WENT DOWN TO VISIT THE **JIVARO TRIBE**... TO BRUSH UP ON THE LATEST

METHODS OF **SHRINKING HUMAN HEADS!** DROP IN SOME TIME, I'LL GIVE YOU A **SMALL IDEA** OF WHAT I'VE **LEARNED**. NOW, I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO **V.K.** 'BYE!



- THE END -